

Issue 93

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**dilettantes
& heartless
manipulators**



Free

This week just past, I was talking with one of my housemates about a family member of mine, and how they dealt with a bad patch of depression a few years back.

That particular sibling had, after suffering through one of the worser periods of the overall patch, gone overseas to do aid work.

My housemate commented at that stage that often what is best is to force yourself into a situation where you can't linger inside your head too long.

A month or so back, a lover of mine said much the same thing when we were talking about particularly painful moments of introspection. In that

conversation, she recalled something a psychologist she'd spoken to once said to her:

The muck in your head that can cloud everything is a bit like the mud and silt at the bottom of a big fish bowl – when things happen to shake the bowl, you have to deal with it, whether or not you want to.

But then, if you were to keep poking around at the sediment, it'll just make things cloudy again – things will tend to shake the bowl from time to time, but you don't need to make things murky just for the sake of it.

There'll always be things at the back of your mind that will likely make you

distressed if you keep lingering on them.

When I was talking with my housemate in the last week, we both agreed that it's really easy to make yourself depressed.

Maybe that's not a universal thing, but we'd both experienced it recently enough in our own ways to make it accurate enough for us.

Like, if you sit still and let yourself collapse into your head for a bit, everything gets out of control.

Or, I guess, more correctly, everything seems uncontrollable.

Or... probably more correctly, everything seems like it *should* be able to be

controlled, and the fact that it can't be is a terrible thing.

A few steps on from that line of thinking, and the fish bowls almost entirely black, and a bit dangerous.

You start justifying terrible things.

Terrible behaviour.

Not just idle things – ways of acting when you're upset that are really unfair and damaging to those people around you – but intentionally horrible things.

Because, in your head, everything's gone out of control.

It's like the worst part of the bubble

world head-space, where you're wandering around everything without the sense that anything you do is affecting anyone.

..but also, you feel everything whipping around you, nudging and pushing you.

...and you don't get that, feeling all that, you must be contributing to the wind in some way.

This, I've found, can linger for a while.

At least as long as it takes to say hello to someone.

...until someone turns the vacuum off.

And, for a bit longer, it gets scary.

'Cause you were justifying horrible things.

You imagined saying things to close friends that would tear them apart, or ignoring loved ones to a point where you're hurting them worse than the worst kind of attention.

And, for a bit longer, you try and wish you didn't know where that impetus came from. That maybe, like the worst kinds of ingrained prejudices, you wish it had just appeared out of nowhere.

You wish it wasn't familiar, and that it didn't have a face.

And then, somehow, things pick up again. You breathe, cook, walk on, sigh.

This zine was written whilst
listening to the self-titled MCD by
Wither.

This is not a review.

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